

## PHILADELPHIA



## REPOSITORY,

AND

## WEEKLY REGISTER.

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*The Castle de Warrenne.*

A ROMANCE.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAP. XV.

..... Jealousy is like  
A polish'd glass held to the lips when life's in danger:  
If there be breath, 'twill catch the damp, and shew it.  
BYRON.

THE scene which presented itself to the wondering eyes of Constantia upon her recovery, was as transporting as her former misery had been excruciating. No longer confined within the dreary walls of a noisome dungeon, with a grateful heart she found herself in a splended apartment. Upon a bed, at a small distance from the couch where she reclined, was extended the body of Olivia, pale, disordered, but still retaining faint symptoms of life.

Beside the bed stood a youthful warrior, bending over her bleeding body, with looks of mingled pity, horror, and solicitude depicted on his countenance.—Constantia seemed to have a faint recollection, and, after a little consideration, found that his appearance was extremely like that of Lady Barome, when in the dress of a peasant. By her own side stood a youth of no less pleasing appearance, who seemed to have been busily employed in restoring her to recollection, while his eyes wandered from his lovely charge to the bed where lay the expiring Olivia.

Casting a look of gratitude towards her deliverers, Constantia arose from her seat, and, falling on her knees beside the body

of her friend, sought to restore her to life by her endearing expressions. Olivia turned her eyes upon Constantia, and muttered, in a feeble voice—

"Ah!—do I live once more to behold my dearest friend!—My Albert, too!—surely, I cannot support the transport of this sudden revolution!—I feel very faint!"

She then sunk exhausted on her pillow, and the scene became very affecting. Albert entreated Constantia to quit the chamber. He seated her in a chair, and, drawing another beside her, begged to be informed of what had passed since his parting with Olivia.

Constantia related, as succinctly as possible, all the particulars; and when she concluded with an account of their treatment in prison, Albert took up the thread of the discourse, and informed her, that he happened, most providentially, to be riding past with his friend, Lord Russel, at the time the ruffians were conveying them away; but having no other arms than their bare swords to oppose to ten well-armed bravadoes, he knew resistance would be vain; he therefore followed them privately, and when he had discovered their retreat, which was an old priory in the forest, they returned without delay to ———, where he obtained a warrant for the apprehension of the offenders, who had long filled the country with dread by their increasing devastations.—Having gained the assistance of a party of soldiers, with the officers of justice who were appointed to attend him, he led them on, accompanied by Russel, to the priory, where they soon overcome all opposition, and gained possession, fortunately in time to preserve the lives of the fair unhappy sufferers. Roderique was secured in prison with the rest of his associates, who were to take their trials for their several offences.

Constantia felt her heart expand to the noble deliverer, and thanked him in the warmest accents of gratitude; and with fervent admiration assured him how proud she should be to present him to the owners of Warrenne Castle, who would be more able to acknowledge the immense obligation.—Her zealous unreserved behaviour made a forcible impression on his mind; and, as she concluded her address, his cheek was covered with a deep glow; then, changing the subject, he reverted to the situation of Olivia.

A slight hint that Constantia inadvertently let drop, of her friend's strong attachment to him, seemed to give him much concern; but as it was a subject he could not, without agitation, expatiate upon, he rose from his seat, and paced the room in evident uneasiness.

"Amiable girl!" cried he, "how can I act, consistent with honour?"

He then mused a while, and presently continued, in a low voice—

"No—no—Raymond will never act so basely!"

"Ah!—what say you?" cried Constantia, running to him. Do you know where he is?—Speak!—I implore you, make it no longer a secret. You know not how much happiness awaits him!"

Surprized at her strange perturbation, he made no reply, fearing the late scenes which she had been engaged in, had disturbed her intellects; but, leading her to her seat, endeavoured to calm her spirits; till, by her repeated eager enquiries he was convinced that she had some extraordinary reason, he acquainted her that his name was, indeed, Raymond; and added, with visible tokens of confusion, that he was that unfortunate who had been adopted by Sir Arthur De Warrenne, and who had been the

happy means of restoring to an injured lady her rightful inheritance.

To confirm her in her hopes, Constantia demanded—whether he recollected ever to have had a silver chain fastened round his neck?

—“Behold it here,” cried he, untying his collar.—“I have ever preserved it as a means of discovering my parents. But tell me,—do they live?”

“Happy—happy hour!” cried Constantia.

“You are, indeed, our own Raymond Barome. Your parents live, and have not yet ceased to mourn your loss.—Now I can, indeed, recompence you your services.”

Constantia soon explained to him all the particulars as she had heard them from her mother. It was his turn to be astonished.

—“Is it possible,” he exclaimed, “that my dear nurse, Matilda, is your mother, and the heiress to the House of Warrenne?” —[Tears started to his eyes.]—“Next to my own parents,” he continued, “will I love the amiable protectress of my infant years. My excess of joy prevents my utterance; but I am well aware that the feeling heart of my fair cousin will do justice to my thoughts.”

Constantia put an end to the conference by requesting their return to Olivia. They found her much better: the surgeon, having examined and probed the wound, pronounced it dangerous, but not mortal; and promised if she were kept in a state of tranquillity, to effect a perfect cure in a short time. She herself received the news with much indifference, and seemed perfectly careless of her fate. During her confinement, Raymond and Russel were unremitting in their endeavours to please and gratify her wish, and she received their attentions with mild composure.

One day she called Constantia to her bedside—“Do you know, my dear,” said she, after a thoughtful pause, “that it is my intention to return home as soon as I can prudently be removed hence. Since my illness, the thoughts of my disobedience have weighed heavy upon my heart; and although, Heaven knows, I feel the deepest regret at parting from you, yet it must be; and if Lord Russel will have the goodness to escort me to my father’s, instead of the Castle De Warrenne, I shall be grateful for the obligation.”

At first, the surprize of Constantia was too great to permit her to reply. At length, upon some consideration, she said—

“Why, my Olivia, will you give way to such fanciful fighs, which both distress

yourself and friends! I understand your delicate scruples; but can you think so meanly of the generous Raymond, as to suspect him, for a moment, of relinquishing you for his new-found wealth?—Rather believe it to be the happy means of effecting the most desirable end. Neither, believe me, have you any thing to dread from Sir William or Lady Barome. I have, I believe,” continued she, deeply sighing, “sufficient influence with them to prevent the consequences which you apprehend.”

Olivia raised her head: her eyes were swimming with tears.

“Oh, no! my friend,” said she, mournfully; “far different were my apprehensions. Think not that I will ever unite my fate with that of Raymond. Never will I owe that to pity which I am not otherwise entitled to.—Besides, I know too well the state of his heart; and I think I shall not incur your displeasure, when I venture to affirm, that he has conceived a most ardent passion for yourself.”

—“For me!” echoed Constantia, retiring a few paces from the bed, her eyes sparkling with shame and pleasure.—“Impossible! Believe me, Olivia, you raise phantoms in your imagination, which exist no where else. But, however,” added she, recollecting herself, “let not that discompose you; for, was that to be the case, no consideration should tempt me to do such injustice. Never—by all that’s sacred!—would I accept a hand that ought to be Olivia’s.”

“No! my sweet friend,” said Olivia enthusiastically:—“Olivia is not worthy of him. My imprudent conduct has entirely alienated what small share of esteem he might once have felt for me: besides, I have no claims upon his heart, excepting those which are made by compassion; and to such I scorn to owe any thing.”

“Peace!” cried Constantia, kneeling—“Here do I swear,—never to marry Raymond while there is the most remote probability of your success.”

Then, rising, she hung over Olivia, and they mingled their tears together.

Notwithstanding Olivia’s affection for Constantia, she derived great consolation from the thought,—that there was no chance of an union between her and Raymond, as she was too well convinced of her sincerity to doubt, for a minute, the solemnity of her oath; and from that time her health daily increased.

When they were joined by Raymond, Olivia again repeated her desire to return home, which they all refused to listen to;

and she was at last, by their united persuasions, induced to relinquish her design. Lord Russel, however, prevailed upon her to permit him to return to the Baron St. Welham, her father, with a letter from her, entreating a reconciliation. Raymond made no comments upon her unexpected request, but divided his attention equally between her and Constantia. Frequent sighs and looks, however, betrayed his real sentiments, in spite of his efforts to conceal them.

Russel soon took leave of them, on his embassy, promising to return speedily with an answer favourable to her wishes; and, saluting her with respectful tenderness, departed. In a few days Olivia was sufficiently recovered to travel, and immediately the remaining party set off for De Warrenne Castle.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### THE RING.

LOVE and Hymen had united Eliza to the most inconstant of men; but Eliza idolized her husband, and his conduct had not lessened her affection for him. Grief consumed her, and its cause was known. A crowd of admirers attempted to alleviate her sorrows. Among those who sought to attract her attention was Dorset, a young man of a dangerous friendship for tottering virtue, and who appeared to obtain a preference, without, however, succeeding in engaging Eliza’s heart. Neither his vows nor his assiduity could lead to the gratification of his wishes. Eliza remained faithful to her inconstant husband. Dorset, without being discouraged, resolved to try every means: Interest often triumphs where sentiment is disregarded, and by interest he expected to gain a heart, till then invincible. One day, as he was alone with Eliza, and speaking to her of his ardent love, he presented to her view a very elegant diamond which he wore. Eliza took particular notice of it; her looks, rather agitated, met Dorset’s. She appeared affected, sighed, took his hand, as if to examine the ring: he imagined he felt her press it, and was at the height of joy: he took it softly from his finger, and presented it to her. Eliza seemed to feel a secret satisfaction.

“Accept this trinket,” said Dorset, with transport; “it gratifies me the more to offer it you, since it appears to please you; and gives me a fresh opportunity of proving my affection, in sacrificing to you an amiable woman from whom I received it!”

“If that be the case,” said Eliza, “I ac-



cept it with gratitude, and particularly without reluctance, for it is mine."

"How?"

"Yes, I have long thought it lost. I had mislaid it; but, from what you tell me, I see it has travelled, and I guess where it went."

"I assure you, Madam, that it is from ———."

"Precisely, my husband paid some attention to that lady, who probably received it from him, as she gave it to you; but I must own, that I cannot accept it on the same terms."

Dorset, confounded, withdrew in silence. Eliza, as a prudent woman, received her husband in the evening more tenderly than ever; and, in the night, while he was asleep, she placed the ring on his finger: when he awoke, he felt his wrongs; and his eyes being opened to a true sense of his errors by the delicacy of his wife's conduct, he restored to her the regard he owed her; and Dorset, seeing that Love and Hymen agreed so well, to increase the domestic happiness of this couple, sought elsewhere women to console.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

Quest. What is VIRTUE?

Ans. Love and Adoration, mingled with Fear of the OMNIPOTENT CREATOR of the Universe.... These, when united in the heart, never fail to produce a strict obedience to the commandments delivered in awful majesty from Sinai's cloud-capt summit, and an observance of the divine precept—"Do unto others, as you (in similar circumstances) would have them do unto you."

J. W.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

### Morality.

Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy.

EXODUS XX. 8.

WAS a youth, whose place but a few years since was not known upon the earth, to take up the pen to remonstrate with, and advise those whose heads are silvered over with the grey hairs of age, it would be pronounced (and justly too) an unwarrantable presumption; but when he addresses himself to the young and the volatile, when he presumes no farther than to drop a few hints, for the benefit of the rising generation, he trusts he will not be charged by the candid and the liberal with arrogance.

As for the opinion of those of a different stamp it matters not.

Having thus far premised, I would now draw the attention of the young and thoughtless to the words which I have above quoted.—I would tell them, that their author is the OMNIPOTENT CREATOR OF THE UNIVERSE—that they form one of the commandments which were delivered by the great JEHOVAH from Mount Sinai, in majesty awfully sublime. At its delivery "there were thunders and lightnings, and a thick cloud upon the mount; because the Lord descended upon it, and the smoke thereof ascended as the smoke of a furnace, and the whole mount quaked greatly."

If, therefore, (as the Scriptures of truth inform us) God descended from his throne to deliver it for the government of the children of men,—if at its promulgation, mountains trembled to their base, how strictly should it be observed! and how dreadful must be the punishment of him who is guilty of a breach of it!

Notwithstanding these truths, how often do we see a worm of the dust, brave, as it were, the vengeance of the Omnipotent, and profane the Sabbath day.

It is not my intention, at this time, to enter into a detail of the many ways in which this command is broken. One or two observations must suffice—

Some young persons meet together, and pass the Sabbath evening in playing at Pawns, Questions and Answers, &c. How reprehensible is such conduct! If they would pause but for a moment, in their wild career, and reflect on their ways, how dreadful would be the review! But there are many who do not reflect on it at all.—I have seen some engage in a game of Questions and Answers on a Sabbath evening, who would have shuddered at the idea of taking up a pack of cards, and passing the evening at whist;—yet is not the one equally criminal with the other? Their consciences, if permitted to speak, would answer in the affirmative. But though they may for a time stifle the voice of conscience, and say, "it is innocent mirth;" let them take heed,—it is an outrage against the laws of the MOST HIGH, and they may rest assured, that for such conduct "the Lord will not hold them guiltless."

When engaged in such amusement on the Sabbath, they do not reflect, that they may, at "midnight's awful hour," hear the dread summons of "thou fool this night thy soul shall be required of thee!" and ere the morning sun be numbered with the dead.

Another flagrant breach of this law, is

levity and wanton behaviour in church during divine service. Not the most interesting subject, when treated with all the ardour of the most eloquent, is sufficient to arrest the attention of some. They would rather be employed in nodding or winking at their companions, or in laughing, and endeavouring, by grimaces, to make others laugh, who are more seriously disposed than themselves. Such indecorous behaviour, not only betrays a want of religion, but a want of sense. Those who are guilty of such improprieties, do not consider, that they are in the temple and immediate presence of the Lord of Lords, and that by such conduct they insult the Majesty of Heaven. They do not reflect that the all-powerful Jehovah,

"Who rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm,"

Can bring them, "in the twinkling of an eye," before his awful bar, to answer for their conduct. They know not against whom they fight—let them beware.

J. S. W.

W I T.

A School-master, a great foe to idleness, thinking that the well-known expression, "Idleness covereth a man with rags," might be amended, wrote, as a copy for one of his pupils—"Idleness covereth a man with nakedness."

A Home-spun astronomer, not long since, fancied, and reported to his neighbours, that the moon was inhabited, for he had discovered an *he-goat* in it. A by-stander observed, he thought it was more probable the moon had been transformed into a *mirror*.

THE celebrated Lawrence Sterne happened to be sitting in a public coffee-house, when a conceited young buck attempted to divert himself and the company at Sterne's expence, by repeating a number of common place witticisms upon the clergy. Sterne, for a while, remained silent: at length, he called his dog to him; and, while caressing and stroking Jowler, he enumerated his good qualities; but withal observed, that the cur had one ugly trick, which was, that, though he was as fawning as a spaniel to other people, the sight of a clergyman never failed to set him growling and barking. One of the company hereupon asked how long the dog had been in that habit. "Ever since he was a puppy," replied Sterne."



FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

NO part of your useful Repository gives me a greater pleasure than that which contains your juvenile essays. Their authors ought always to be treated with the greatest delicacy, and receive pointed encouragement, not only from you as editor, but by all who wish for the improvement of the rising generation.

Improvement is the great object in view, but slowly will the young essayist proceed, tedious will be the journey, if some helping arm is not extended towards him, by which he may be able with more ease to surmount the difficulties which he may meet in his way.

*Juvenis*, in your last number,\* therefore, claims my attention: his short essay on that passion, which, it is probable, he now begins to feel, has on the whole something in it to me very pleasing. The ease with which it is written, presents to my imagination, a gentle stream which imperceptibly glides along. He undoubtedly possesses genius; but I hope he will not be offended, when I inform him, that the most valuable diamond once lay deep in the mine, and to the hand of the skilful artist it owes much of its present brilliancy. He must write with more care and examine with more accuracy, if he wish to do ample justice to himself. To point out the necessity of this advice, the following observations are at his service:—"Of all the passions which affect the human breast, and so differently agitate the same, none probably work a greater change on the sentiments, than that of love." The construction of this sentence is too loose; good writers never use *same* in this manner. "None probably work;" *Juvenis* should have considered that *none* is a compounded word for *no one*, consequently the verb *work* should have been *works*.—The whole would have been better thus: "Of all the passions which affect, and so differently agitate the human breast, none works a greater change in our sentiments than love." In the next sentence we have the same error repeated, "none help" for *none helps*; and in the third sentence the verbs *prompts* and *metamorphoses* ought to have been in the plural number. A few sentences from this is the following—"An all-wise Providence has communicated the same to all animated creation, according to their natures." Although some writers do put Providence for the Deity, and attribute to the former what they ought only to attribute to the latter, yet we never

\* Number 47.

ought to imitate them in such sentences. God as found in his providence, and in all his works, is alone all-wise. But should we even admit this, yet the article *an* can never be permitted to stand before it. To shew the impropriety of the article in this place, let us put *God* in the sentence, thus, "A God all-wise has communicated," &c. One God all-wise, and one Providence all-wise, you well know cannot be admitted in our composition. It is true, Ovid could say, when speaking of God in his providence, *Quisquis fuit illi deorum*—"Whosoever of the gods he was;" but to us, as there is but one, we cannot place the article before his venerable name.—"Has communicated the same to all animated creation, according to their natures"—to have rendered this clause grammatical, it ought to have been, *according to its nature*. The sentence would have pleased me better thus:—"Our beneficent Creator, who in all his works of Providence, evidenceth the most consummate wisdom, hath communicated this passion to every intelligent being, according to its nature." By these few observations our friend *Juvenis* will see how necessary it is to be careful; but let him rest assured, that they are written with the best intention. A few trials will enable him to surmount the difficulties which every beginner must encounter; a greater attention to grammar will shew him its utility, and by reading carefully some of our classical English authors, he will be enabled to use words with propriety.

Your friend *Obscurus* also is deserving of notice. The lesson he teaches is a good one, and he gives it in language tolerably correct: he would do well, however, to pay some more attention to grammar rules; the profit will abundantly compensate for the toil. I said the lesson is a good one, and for it he deserves our thanks; yet, in my opinion, he carries it a little too far. He says, "we ought to pay due deference to the opinions of others, however opposed they may be to our own, contradictory to fact, or at variance with nature and with reason." When any person maintains opinions contrary to fact, at variance with nature and reason, certainly, for those opinions we ought never to entertain a deference. For instance, in Malabar, an opinion is held, that it is highly meritorious to burn the blooming widow on the pile with the body of her deceased husband:—this opinion is at variance with nature and reason;—does it demand our respect? Nay, we can only view it with abhorrence. When any opinion is so evidently false,

and in its tendency so evil, we ought to pity its possessor, and as long as it remained *only an opinion*, deprive him of no civil right; yet for the principle we never ought to shew the smallest respect, as that deference might have a tendency to fix him more immoveably in error. AMICUS.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

IN my last publication,\* among the rest of the queries; was the following, "Whether the substances used in dying silk stockings black, did not give them, (they being naturally electrics) a conducting quality?" *Sciolus*, in his answer, says, No electrical phenomena would have appeared, had not the stockings been, one pair white or grey, and the other black, or both either white or black. He admits electric appearances will follow the separation of white and black stockings, or flannels, after having been excited by friction. Does it not appear from this, that one pair of the stockings was in some measure a conductor? If this was not the case, how came they to be charged at all? for I do not know that the electric fire can be produced by any other artificial means, than the friction of two bodies, one possessing an electric, the other a conducting quality. *Sciolus*, or some other correspondent, would oblige many by answering satisfactorily the following queries:—

1st. Can the electric fire be produced by the friction of two electrics?

2d. Are, or are not, silk stockings and flannels, when dyed black, in any degree conductors?

3d. If not, why will not the phenomena take place on separating two of the above-mentioned substances, though of one colour?

4th. Would the vapours, as they, by condensation, descended to the floor, carry off the fluid gradually, without producing any discharge? ENQUIRER.

\* See Repository, page 333.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

THE avidity with which our citizens subscribe for the republication of works which have appeared in Europe, and the neglect which they shew with respect to our own productions, are worthy of serious attention. To what can it be attributed? Is it that Europeans possess so much more



penetration? Are their works so much more valuable? And is this readiness to give them publicity, always the result of a knowledge of an author's merit, or the book's real value? I doubt we will, on examination, too often find, that no such reasons can be produced, and that not seldom, the greatest list of subscribers may be found prefixed to books from which little benefit can be derived. But granting that all the productions we receive and adopt, were highly advantageous to promote our improvement in science, morality, and religion; yet, would that render us excusable for suffering men of genius in our own country to pass unheeded through life, and consign their works to oblivion? Assuredly no—It has been said by many, deeply read in the history of man, that despotic governments have been more favourable to science and arts than republics; that where there were great men, the poet, historian, and artist, generally found a patron, whose extensive influence gave publicity to their works; but in republics, each member of society was so nearly equal, that a patron was seldom found, and consequently, little encouragement given to the proficient in the liberal arts.

Is it not in our power to prove the contrary, and shew to the world, that the people united, are the best patrons? This no person can for a moment doubt. Let us then exert ourselves in the glorious undertaking, assured that we cannot begin a moment too soon. Let us give always the greatest encouragement to our own artists and our own authors, and we will assuredly reap the advantage.

But it may be objected, that our own artists are not the best, and our own authors sink in the comparison, when others are produced—and therefore it would be wrong to give them the preference.

Admitting the objection in its full force, I do not think the conclusion will follow. We ought to give them the preference, to induce them to contend for excellence—we ought to encourage them, to stimulate to an exertion of all their powers—we should place the prize full in their view, and we would soon find the list filled with competitors. But when the young author, or modern artist tremblingly issues his proposals for a new work, if treated with neglect; his spirit in a great measure dies, and it is probable, he never dares to make another attempt. To such are truly applicable the following beautiful lines—

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,  
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

To what is it owing that London teems with authors, in every science, of distinguished merit, but to the patronage that young essayist generally receive. It is true, by thus generously encouraging young authors, many worthless productions are brought to light; but let it be remembered, that it is better to be thus deceived ninety-nine times, than to suffer the hundredth, if a work of genius, to sink into oblivion, thro' a want of patronage.

I have, Mr. Editor, been induced to offer these few observations to the public, through the medium of your useful *Repository*, from the following cause:—

Having a considerable time ago, seen proposals for publishing by subscription, a work, entitled the *JUVENILE OLIO*, by a young man of this city, who, from several of his productions, appears by no means destitute of literary merit. I waited on a noted Bookseller, and enquired for the work—I received for answer, that it was not published, merely through the want of a few subscribers to defray the expence!!! I was astonished, and for a moment forgot I was in the capital of America. It rather appeared from this conduct, as if I were in some obscure village, in the back woods—I left the shop, and thoughtfully returned to my lodging. How many hundred dollars, said I, as I threw myself carelessly into my chair, are the giddy and the gay squandering every day in pursuits, which in the end are found to be neither pleasing nor profitable? How many are spent by the voluptuary in satisfying a vitiated taste by costly dishes, in which lurk the seeds of tormenting disease; or in often draining the capacious goblet, the enemy of temperance and godlike reason!! And yet the culture of the mind is neglected!!—It is well, ye bucks and bloods,—it is well, ye giddy and ye gay,—it is well, vain voluptuary; ye act consistently, in not subscribing to the *Juvenile Olio*; for, although I never saw a page of the work, and scarcely know the author, yet from the specimen of his composition which I have seen in the *Repository*, satire might reach you, pointed and keen, were his work given to the public!—I say again, ye act consistently—it is just in this generation as it was formerly, “the children of this world are wiser than the children of light.”

But ye supporters of order, ye patrons of virtue, ye lovers of American literature, why stand ye aloof? I wish much encouragement to be given to young authors. ENCOURAGE THEM: it will stimulate your sons to pursue the goddess *Fame*—it will urge them to pay more attention to

study—and if once an honest fame is attached generally to success in literary pursuits, ye may rest assured that Genius will once more be seen hovering over our schools, academies and colleges—But suffer our young authors to pass by unheeded, deny the *POOR TRIFLE* that is necessary to make us profit from their works, and Genius will take her flight, and seek a spot filled with more generous souls.

*A Friend to Young Authors.*

N. B. Lest some very conceitedly wise men should take it into their heads, that the author of the *Juvenile Olio* knows something of the above, I inform them, that he is so far from knowing any thing thereof, that we are not even on terms of intimacy, nor is the above so much on his account, as the embracing of a general principle, which the author thinks of the first importance.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

## *Extracts,—by a Reader.*

NUMBER II.

### STORY OF TRANQUILLA;

OR AN

### OLD MAID'S APOLOGY.

IT is not very difficult to bear that condition to which we are not condemned by necessity, but induced by observation and choice; and therefore I, perhaps, have never felt all the malignity, with which a reproach, edged with the appellation of *Old Maid*, swells in some of those hearts, in which it is infixed. I was not condemned in my youth to solitude, either by necessity or want, nor passed the earlier part of life without the flattery of courtship, and the joys of triumph. I have danced the round of gaiety amidst the murmurs of envy, and the gratulations of applause; been attended from pleasure by the great, the sprightly, and the vain, and seen my regard secreted by the obsequiousness of gallantry, the gaiety of wit, and the timidity of love. If, therefore, I am yet a stranger to nuptial happiness, I suffer only the consequences of my own resolves, and can look back upon the succession of lovers, whose address I have rejected, without grief, and without malice.

When my name first began to be inscribed upon glass, I was honoured with the amorous professions of the gay Venustulas, a gentleman, who, being the only son of a wealthy family, had been educated in all the wantonness of expence, and softness of



effimacy. He was beautiful in his person, and easy in his address, and therefore soon gained upon my eye, at an age when it is very little over-ruled by the understanding. He had not any power in himself of pleasing or amusing, but supplied his want of conversation by treats and diversions; and his chief act of courtship was to fill the mind of his mistress with parties, rumbles, music, and shows. We were often engaged in short excursions to gardens and seats, and I was for a while pleased with the care Venustus discovered in securing me from any appearance of danger, or possibility of mischance. He never failed to recommend caution to his coachman, or to promise the waterman a reward if he landed us safe, and his great care was always to return by day-light for fear of robbers. This extraordinary solicitude was represented for a time as the effect of his tenderness for me; but fear is too strong for continued hypocrisy. I soon discovered that Venustus had the cowardice as well as the elegance of a female. His imagination was perpetually clouded with terrors, and he could scarcely refrain from screams and outcries at any accidental surprise. He durst not enter a room where a rat was heard behind the wainscot, nor cross a field where the cattle were frisking in the sun-shine; the least breeze that waved upon the river was a storm, and every clamour in the street was a cry of fire. I have seen him lose his colour when my squirrel had broke his chain, and was forced to throw water in his face on a sudden entrance of a black cat. I was once obliged to drive away with my fan, a beetle that kept him in distress, and chide off a dog that yelped at his heels, to whom he would gladly have given me up to facilitate his own escape. Women naturally expect defence and protection from a lover or a husband, and therefore you will not think me culpable in refusing a wretch, who would have burthened life with unnecessary fears, and flown to me for that succour which it was his duty to have given.

My next lover was Fungoso, the son of a stock-jobber, whose visits my friends, by the importunity of persuasion, prevailed upon me to allow. Fungoso was indeed no very suitable companion; for having being bred in a counting-house, he spoke a language unintelligible in any other place. He had no desire of any reputation but that of an acute prognosticator of the changes in the funds; nor had any means of raising merriment but by telling how somebody was over-reached in a bargain with his father. He was, however, a youth of great

sobriety and prudence, and frequently informed us how he would improve my fortune. I was not in haste to conclude the match, but was so much awed by my parents, that I durst not dismiss him, and might, perhaps, have been doomed for ever to the grossness of ignorance, and the jargon of usury, had not a fraud been discovered in the settlement, which set me free from the persecution of grovelling pride and pecuniary impudence.

I was afterwards six months without any particular notice, but at last became the idol of glittering Foscus, who prescribed the mode of embroidery to all the fops of his time, and varied at pleasure the cock of every hat, and the sleeve of every coat that appeared in fashionable assemblies. Foscus made some impression upon my heart by a compliment which few ladies can hear without emotion; he commended my skill in dress, my judgment in uniting colours, and my art in disposing ornaments. But Foscus was too much engaged by his elegance to be sufficiently attentive to the duties of a lover. He expected to be repaid part of his tribute, and staid away three days because I neglected to take notice of a new coat. I soon discovered that Foscus was rather a rival than an admirer, and that we should probably live in a perpetual struggle of emulous finery, and spend our lives in stratagems to be first in the fashion.

I had soon after the honour, at a feast, of attracting the eyes of Dentatus, one of those human beings whose only happiness is to dine. Dentatus regaled me with foreign varieties, told me of the measures that he had laid for procuring the best cook in France; and entertained me with bills of fare, the arrangements of dishes, and two sauces invented by himself; at length, such is the uncertainty of human happiness, I declared my opinion too hastily upon a pie, made under his own direction; after this he grew so cold and negligent, that he was easily dismissed.

Many other lovers, or pretended lovers, I have had the honour to lead a while in triumph. But two of them I drove from me by a discovery that they had no taste or knowledge in music; three I dismissed because they were drunkards; two because they paid their addresses at the same time to other ladies; and six, because they attempted to influence my choice by bribing my maid. Two more I discarded at the second visit, for obscene allusions; and five for drollery on religion. In the latter part of my reign, I sentenced two to paternal exile, for offering me settlements by

which the children of a former marriage would have been injured; four for misrepresenting the value of their estates; three for concealing their debts; and one, for raising the rent of a decrepid tenant, making in the whole thirty-four lovers, or pretenders, viz.

Venustus, Fungoso, Foscus, and Dentatus,	4
Two, who had no taste or knowledge in music,	2
Three because they were drunkards,	3
Two who paid their addresses at the same time to other ladies,	2
Six, who attempted to influence my choice,	6
Two for obscene allusions,	2
Five for drollery on religion,	5
Two for offering me settlements by which the children of a former marriage would have been injured,	2
Four for misrepresenting the value of their estates,	4
Three for concealing their debts,	3
One for raising the rent of a decrepid tenant,	1
<b>TOTAL,</b>	<b>34</b>

After all that I have said, the reproach ought not to be extended beyond the crime, nor either sex to be condemned, because some men or women are indelicate or dishonest. **TRANQUILLA.**

### "Profiles" of Eminent Men.

(From Sewall's Poems.)

(CONTINUED.)

#### GRAY.

GRAY courts the shade, yet tow'rs on eagles' wings;  
Replenish'd from Castalia's purest springs,  
Art's proudest monuments in ruins lie,  
Yet his immortal work shall never die.

#### SHENSTONE.

Sweet flow thy rural strains! the past'rol muse  
Her bard be-sprinkles with Arcadian dews!  
Enamour'd swains, and love-sick nymphs, agree  
No bard the TENDER PASSION paints like thee.  
SPENSER's soft reed, and HAMMOND's lute are  
thine,  
TIBULLUS' sweetness, SAPPHO's glowing line,  
OVID's gay harp, and MARO's warmth divine!  
No passion of the soul, but thou can'st move,  
Each rules by turns, yet centre all in LOVE!

#### CERVANTES.

Could my faint voice augment thy challeng'd praise,  
Each muse should tune, thy spirit fire, my lays.

Romance, in thee, points satire's keenest dart,  
Vers'd in each winding of the human heart.  
Against mad *chivalry* thy shafts were drawn,  
Nor fail'd to wound each vot'ry thro' thy Dow.  
The fable, moral, humour, with nice art,  
Expung'd *Knight-errantry* from Reason's chart,  
Struck at the root, and stab'd it to the heart.

### FIELDING.

Fir'd by CERVANTES, his rich genius shines  
In thee! pure gold from his exhaustless mine s,  
Each rival else to thee must yield the bays,  
Lost in th' effulgence of thy brighter rays.  
Drawn from the life, each character's pourtray'd,  
In contrast, JONES and BLISS stand display'd.  
Nature, and art, and grace, in SOPHIA join,  
Great ALLWORTHY's thine own, pure, perfect, and  
divine!

### LE SAGE.

LE SAGE from nature drew; in ev'ry line,  
Exuberant wit, and boundless fancy shine.  
Spain, and its manners, customs, habits, all  
Are here—but BLISS is an original.  
Genius and humour beam in ev'ry page,  
Enchanting novelist! instructive SAGE!  
(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

## PHILADELPHIA,

DECEMBER 4, 1802.

A Lecture, introductory to a course of Experimental Philosophy, to be given by Mr. JOHN CRAIG, was delivered in the Friends' Academy of this city, on Tuesday evening last—At the earnest request of a number of the gentlemen who were present, this Introductory Discourse will be published in our next week's Repository.

### INTELLIGENCE.

We understand that a most horrid murder was committed in the north east part of Stonington, a few days past. A man by the name of Worden, rose in the morning, and began to make a fire. While thus engaged, three of his children came round him, disputing about an apple, which one of them had in possession—Worden turned round, and with a stick of wood stunned one of them, which immediately crawled away to its mother. With another blow, he broke the arm of the second; and shocking to relate, he killed the third instantaneously. He then made off, but has since returned; though we cannot learn that he is yet secured in prison. [Norwich pap.]

We hear that the Rev. Mr. Thomas Hall, chaplain of the British Factory, at Leghorn, (a native of Pennsylvania,) has lately sent to the Historical Society of Boston, a present of two Stone Coffins, supposed to be at least 3,000 years old, of a most curious structure. One of them has various figures on it in the true Grecian stile in bassorelivo, representing some interesting events, as yet undiscovered by the antiquarians. [N. Y. pap.]

The gold medal, voted by Congress, in 1800, to Commodore TRUXTON, on account of his engagement in the Constellation, of 38 guns, with La Vengeance, a French 54 gun-ship, has lately been presented to him by the President of the United States in a very handsome manner.

A silver urn has been presented to Com. TRUXTON, by the Underwriters of Lloyd's Coffe-house, London, thro' our minister, Mr. R. King. The protection afforded to the commerce between the two countries, produced this mark of approbation. The workmanship was by the best artists, and in the most fashionable style of execution; and the cost estimated at 600 guineas.

There is now at Liverpool a vessel 130 years old; she was formerly a ship; now a brigantine of 56 tons: She is named the "Three Sisters," and was employed with success at the siege of Londonderry, in 1669, to victual the garrison of that place: on account of her age she is exempted from port duties.

### BERNE, August 1.

A Person, named Philip Boeisinger, formerly a monk of Einselden, and now curate of St. Gerold, in the Vorarlberg, has formed a new sect under the title of "*Adorers of the heart of Jesus*."—He persuades the people that the Devil is at present very busy with mankind; that a great number are possessed by him; and that, to escape from the power of Satan, it is necessary to be baptized, and aspersed with holy water, which he distributes. A number of the inhabitants of Sonthis have become converts to this doctrine, and have undertaken a pilgrimage to St. Gerold. The bishop of Constance has thought it necessary to appoint a commissioner to examine these sectaries: and the Helvetic government have given orders to the prefect to endeavour to check this fanaticism, and to prohibit all their nocturnal meetings, because they believe that it is chiefly in the night that the Devil plays his tricks. It is said, that on hearing of the measures which were about to be taken against him, he did not think proper to await the result, but fled the country.

### Marriages.

MARRIED, on the 25th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Abercrombie, Mr. Alexander J. Miller, merchant, to Miss Anna Maria Bass, daughter of the late Dr. Bass, of this city.

—, on the 25th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Ustick, Mr. Henry Parmar, to Miss Jane Ellison, both of Concord, Delaware.

—, on the 27th ult. by bishop White, Mr. John Harrison, druggist, to Miss Lydia Leib, both of this city.

—, on the 30th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Milledoler, Dr. Zachariah Hoffman, of Ulster county, state of New-York, to Miss Mary Johns, of Southwark.

—, on the 30th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Greer, Mr. Andrew Lindsey, esq. to Miss Christiana Vancker, both of Delaware County.

—, on the 2d inst. Mr. Reeve Lewis, merchant, to Miss Rachel Thomas, both of this city.

### Deaths.

DIED, in London, M. de Verdion, well known for wearing a little bag-wig, and a large cocked hat. This

singular character it appears, was a female, though she always wore a masculine habit. From certain papers found, she was a natural daughter of a former king of Prussia. It is remarkable, that though she was in the habit of sacrificing copiously to Bacchus, she never revealed the secret of her sex.

—, on board the United States Frigate, Adams, under the command of capt. Campbell, in the Mediterranean, on the 21st of Sept. last, after a tedious and lingering illness, William Holmes, of Maryland, a midshipman, in the 18th year of his age, much regretted by all the officers on board.

—, at Natchez, on the 21st Sept. after a short illness, Hugh Stevenson, lieutenant in the 2d regiment of militia, of the Mississippi territory.

—, on the 23d ult. after a short illness, Mrs. Mary Morrison, about 83 years of age.

—, on the 24th ult. Mr. Richard Babe, cooper, of this city.

—, on the 25th ult. of a lingering consumption, Mr. Michael Immel, aged 67 years.

—, on the 30th ult. in the 30 year of his age, after a painful and lingering illness, which he bore with Christian fortitude, Frederick Giese, a native of Russia.

—, On the 1st inst. in the 37th year of his age, Thomas Parr Wharton.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We cannot perceive the least trace of either humour or sense in "*Patty Spmart's*" jargon.

"*Peter Prim's*" good intentions are not doubted; but it will be necessary for him to furnish better evidence of taste in selecting his *Scraps* than his first attempt exhibits, previous to their publication being commenced.

"*Amicus Medicis*" is not correct in some of his sentiments respecting medical characters; by attempting to prove too much, he has proved nothing—His communication, however, shall have a place in our next.

If *Betsy Prim* has been incorrect or personal, in any of her remarks, the way is open for *Amator Virtutis* to reply.

—The respect which that writer professes to bear towards the editor, and the desire he expresses to promote the design of the Repository, is deserving of thanks, and the goodness of his heart and purity of his intentions are not doubted;—but necessity, at times, compels the editor to be severe, tho' he never wishes to wound the feelings of any. It cannot, however, escape observation, that, if the editor at any time errs, it is in too easily giving publicity to the crude and undigested productions of young authors.

A Correspondent complains of the editor's *Indelicacy* in publishing the extract from Dr. Willich's "*Domestic Encyclopedia*," in the Repository, page 373. This very squeamish gentleman is requested to point out a single sentence, or even word, in the extract, which is calculated to convey an indelicate idea. It is much to be feared, that many of our over-delicate gentry, of both sexes, often "strain at a gnat and swallow a camel."

ERATO—In the piece signed *Amator Virtutis*, p. 371, 3d l. of the 2d paragraph, bet. the words "every" and "attribute" insert *other*; so as to read, "*every other attribute*." On the omission of this word was grounded one of *Betsy Prim's* witticisms, which justice requires to be placed to the account of the printer.



# TEMPLE of the MUSES.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

### Ode to Cynthia.

ADDRESSED TO J— B—, ESQ.

THE SUBJECT PROPOSED BY A FRIEND.

FAIREST of orbs! Night's stately queen!  
Majestic thron'd on high;  
With silver locks and air serene—  
Sweet regent of the sky:  
Now while young evening's dusky shades  
Draw closely o'er the woodland glades,  
Do thou thy wanted beams display;  
(Lo Autumn's trump proclaims her near:)  
Pour forth thy light, 'twill serve to cheer  
The traveller on his way.

The glassy lake, now silver'd o'er  
With thy delightful rays,  
Reverberates from shore to shore  
The peasants rustic lays.  
But O! where S— H—'s blissful groves,  
The seat of virtue and the loves,  
Invite the passenger to stray:  
There, there, the brightness of thy face,  
Adds ten-fold beauty to the place,  
And charms the hours away.

Cynthia! in thy diurnal round,  
Say, didst thou ever view  
So fair a spot; so richly crown'd  
With beauties, ever new?  
The pleasant mead, the bubbling rill,  
The whispering grove, the chequer'd hill,  
The dark-brown forest mantling high;  
There, when Spring holds her joyous reign,  
Discerning Taste trips o'er the plain,  
Sweet nymph, with curious eye.

O thou, kind master of the dome,  
Whose wide doors ope the way,  
Where those who feel distress may come,  
And go heart-eas'd away!  
Meek friend of man! accept the song:  
To thee my grateful strains belong:  
For thou wert generous and good,  
When late thy roseate bow'rs among,  
I trod, far from the busy throng,  
In melancholy mood.

And thou, my tender, early friend!  
Companion of my youth;  
Whose ardent wishes ever tend  
To the bright path of truth:  
Ingenuous girl! sweet Stella! know  
You taught my throbbing breast to glow  
With friendship's pure and bright'ning flame;  
Taught my young wishes how to soar,  
Taught my young heart to own the pow'r,  
The rapture of a name.

Ah! where, as in life's vale along  
We slowly take our way,  
Shall meek Contentment trill her song  
And cheer the gloomy day?  
And where shall Happiness be found  
To strew her blessings all around,  
And Love his kindly smiles impart?...  
Where, but where Virtue, blissful queen,  
Loves to display her look serene,  
And humanize the heart.

Say, should my lyre the theme refuse,  
So worthy of a song:  
Fit subject for the happiest muse  
Of all the tuneful throng?  
Ah! no; when friendship claims the lay,  
Be mine the task, with speed t' obey  
And strive the descant wild to raise:  
For sure, if He but deign to smile,  
The poet's crown'd for all his toil—  
The best and noblest praise. FLORIO.

## AUTUMN.

FAREWELL to summer's gentle breezes,  
His flow'ry meads and verdant plains;  
For now his glories all are ended,  
And o'er all nature autumn reigns.  
No more the soft and tuneful voices  
Of feather'd songsters, greet the ear;  
No more the soaring lark rejoices,  
To see the smiling morn appear.  
No more we see the sun, refulgent,  
Drink from sweet flow'rs the early dew,  
But now the russet plains give warning,  
That winter will his reign renew.  
Fast from the trees the leaves are falling,  
And overwhelm the cheerless plains;  
From the stripp'd groves the birds are hasting,  
To southern climes, where summer reigns.  
No more we hear the rolling thunder,  
Nor thro' the skies see lightnings gleam;  
But now the frequent storms of autumn,  
Swell the wild waters of the stream.

The peasant hastes to gather  
The latest produce of the fields,  
Prepares to meet the storms and tempests,  
The frosts and snows which winter yields.  
Farewell, oh Summer! much I love thee,  
Yet Autumn thou art welcome too:  
Though dreary Winter will succeed thee,  
Yet Spring will nature's charms renew.

CARLOS.

## H Y M N S.

### HYMN XII.

*My voice shalt thou bear in the morning, O Lord; in the morning will I direct my prayer unto Thee, and will look up.* PSAL. III. 5.

WITH op'ning day my soul shall rise  
On meditation's soaring wing,  
Pierce thro' the eye-opposing skies,  
And low before my God and King

In grateful accents praise,  
Hrs name who dwells on high,  
Who fills with good life's circling days,  
And cheers pale sorrow's eye.

Hail beauteous sun! thy red beam's glow  
Bids bounteous Nature wear a smile,  
Bids night depart, and zephyrs blow,  
And calls the labourer to his toil:  
With speed they all obey,  
Exulting, at thy word;  
And marking thy ascending way,  
Adore their SOVEREIGN LORD.

Now, ev'ry link in being's chain  
High raises the expecting eye,  
God views his works, earth, air and main,  
And all their wants find full supply:  
Then through creation sounds  
The ever-grateful song,  
And heav'n's high arch His praise rebounds  
Who blesses being's throng.

O! think my soul how large that grace,  
Which thus doth ev'ry good bestow,  
Heals all our wounds, cheers ev'ry face,  
And gives a taste of heav'n below;  
But still more rich, more kind,  
Behold Him in his word,  
Where grace, truth, mercy, all combin'd,  
Declare a LOVING LORD.

There faith with eagle-eye can soar  
Beyond the sun's meridian glow,  
To him whose goodness knows no shore,  
Whose matchless mercies ever flow;  
There she unclouded views  
The resurrection's joy—  
Death comes—the theme she still pursues  
And sees salvation nigh.

Rejoice my soul, the clouds of night  
Can't dim the intellectual ray,  
It lives by His unbounded might  
Who out of darkness call'd the day:  
It lives!!—transporting sound!  
Let heav'n and earth proclaim  
His praise, repeating without bound  
All glory to his name. X. W. T.

## SELECTED.

### LORD COWPER's

*Name and Pedigree, clearly deduced from King PAPIN, of France.*

FROM REWALL'S POEMS.

COWPER is COWAPER mis-spelt,  
Which we from DIAPER deduce,  
From NAPIKIN, DIAPER arose,  
Inverted by alternate use.

From NIPKIN, NAPIKIN is deriv'd,  
How errors gradually advance!  
NIPKIN from PIPKIN takes its name,  
And that from PAPIN, king of France.

Thus, with precision, from a throne  
Lord Cowper's pedigree we bring,  
And clearly prove this British peer,  
Great, great, great grandson to a King.